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INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

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A Bold Drummer.

On the train from Cincinnati to Chatanooga, the talk of the mob of six or eight in the smoking car ran to train robbery. The subject was canvassed from every standpoint, and all but one agreed that a passenger could be robbed without danger to the robbers. This chap was selling drugs for a Baltimore house, and he announced his readiness to lay down his life whenever an attempt was made to rob him of his cash. It was generally believed that his courage was all talk, and by and by when he fell asleep we put up a job on him.

A giant of a chap from Dayton, Ohio, was selected to play robber. He was about the ugliest looking white man anybody had ever set eyes on, and he borrowed two revolvers, removed the cartridges and waited for the right moment. As the train stopped at a little station, the big fellow opened and slammed the door and cried out:

"Hands up, gentlemen! The first one of you who drops a hand is a dead man!"

Up went our hands and the drug man awoke.

"Up with 'em—throw 'em up!" commanded Dayton, as he leveled both shooters at the drummer and slowly advanced.

"Not if I know myself," was the cool reply, and what did the Marylander do but out with his revolver and begin popping away. He had fired four shots and driven the "robber" to the door before any one could grab him and explain matters. One bullet went through the big man's cap, a second burned his cheek and the third and fourth went through the windows. He was whiter than snow as the affair ended, and returning the revolvers to their owners he stood up in the aisle, and said:

"Gentlemen, you can put me down as the biggest blamed fool in America! Good night?"

And he took his coat and grip and left us for a seat in another coach.

Pre-Adamite Brevities.

Adam never a fit of abstraction sat down upon a coil of barbed fence wire.

Adam never lived next door a man who was trying to learn to play on an accordion.

Adam never fell over a rocking chair while grosping around in the dark after the bottle of paregoric.

Adam never had to fasten one of his suspenders with a shingle nail and the other with a hair pin.

Adam never had to rock the cradle while Eve ran across the street to borrow a cup of sugar from a neighbor.

Adam never had to keep the baby while Eve went out with a determined cast of countenance to reform the world.

Adam never had his only pair of gum shoes eaten up by a dog while he was spending an evening with a friend.

Adam never sat up till 5 o'clock in the morning to get the returns from Ohio, and to at last learned that the others fellows had carried it.

Adam never came home at a very late hour from the lodge to discovor that he had left his latch key in a pocket of his other pair of pants.

Adam never had a tight bureau drawer at which he was tugging come out suddenly and set him down with such vehemence as to knock four square feet of plastering off the ceiling.

Adam never went down town trying to remember an injuction to get a wash board, a pound of soap, a ball of tape, a bottle of infant food, a spool of garnet sewing silk, a paper of hairpins, two yards of pink mosquito netting and a mouse trap.

Asking Questions.

The Arkansaw Traveler illustrates the unconscious way in which children often try the patience of their elders by questions. We think the writer must have had a practical experience.

"An' must I always say my prayers before goin' to bed?" asked a boy of his mother.

"Yes."

"But if I sit up all night I need not say 'em, need I?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do hush and let me read."

"What are you reading?"

"A story."

"What kind of a story."

"About a man and a woman, and I don't know what all."

"Is it a story."

"Yes."

"Why don't you read the truth?"

"If you ask another question to-night I'll whip you."

"But I can ask another question in the mornin', mayn't I?"

"Yes."

"And I mustn't ask any more to-night."

"No, not another one, for if you do I'll whip you."

"I won't ask any more to-night will I?"

"No."

"But I will in the mornin', won't I?"

"Yes."

"An' you'll whip me if I ask any more to-night, won't you?"

"Yes."

"But you won't in the mornin', will you?"

"No."

"But you will to-night, won't you?"

"Look-a-here, not another word out of you now. If you ask another single question, I'll whip you."

"But you said I could ask them in the mornin', didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you won't whip me then, will you?"

"No."

"But you will to-night, won't you?"

"There comes your father, and it's a good thing for you, for I was going to whip you."

"Almost Persuaded."

General Hartsuff, who at one time commanded the Army of the Ohio, used to tell a good one on General Manson. When they were down at the front General Hartsuff secured ten gallons of fine old whisky. The morning after its arrival General Manson rode up to Hartsuff's tent on official business.

"Good morning, General; dismount," said Hartsuff.

"Can't do it," said Manson; "I have to ride my lines."

"But I have a pint of fine old whisky, and—"

"Hold my horse, orderly," interrupted Manson, who was in the tent before the sentence could be finished. Manson drank about half the contents of the flask, and, handing it back, said:

"Put that away carefully; it is precious stuff, and the army cannot afford to have it wasted."

"All right, General; but you must come back every day until the whole pint is gone."

"Count on my presence," said Manson, as he mounted his horse, and he kept his word for the next five or six days. At the end of six days the pint flask was still full, and when it was passed to the General he held it up and said:

"Hartsuff, I have never been much of a Christian, but this almost persuades me, because it is like the widow's cruse; it is fine whisky, but great heavens, how it does hold out for a pint.—Indianapolis Times.

Causes of Deteriorated Eye-Sight

The causes to which this deterioaration of eyesight has been attributed are alleged to be cross-lights from opposite windows, light shinning directly on the face, insufficient light, small types, and to the position of the desk, forcing the scholar to bend over and bring the eyes too close to the book or writing paper, etc. But were all these defects remedied, the integrity of the eye would not be restored nor its deterioration prevented. The chief causes of the evil would still remain. These are the colors of the paper and ink. White paper and black ink are ruining the eyesight of all reading nations. The "rays of the sun," says Lord Bacon, "are reflected by a white body, and are absorbed by a black one." No one dissents from this opinion; but despite these indications of nature and of philosophy, we print books and write our letters in direct opposition to the suggestions of optical science.

When we read a book printed in the existing mode, we do not see the letters, which, being black, are non-reflective. The shapes reach the retina, but these are not received by a spontaneous direct action of that organ. The white surface of the paper is reflected, but the letters are detected only by a discriminating effort of the optic nerves. This effort annoys the nerves, and when long continued exhuasts their susceptibility. The human eye cannot long sustain the broad glare of the white surface without injury. The author of "Spanish Vistas," in Harper's Magazine, says of Cartagena that "blind people seem to be numerous there, a fact which may be owing to the excessive dazzle of the sunlight and the absence of verdure." Mr. Seward, in his tour around the world, observed that "in Egypt opthalmia is universal," attributing it to the same "excessive dazzle" of the wide areas of the white sand; and the British soldier, in the late campaign in that country, exhibited symptoms of the same disease. In the Smithsonian report for 1877 it is stated in a paper on "Color Blindness," that "M. Chevreul produced 14,420 distinguished tints of the elementary colors, from which the paper manufacturers could select colors more agreeable to the eye than the dazzling white, weakening and lacerating to the nerves of that delicate organ."

The suit of a prominent young railroad man in Savanuab, Ga., against a female necromancer for obtaining money under false pretenses is exciting much interest in that city. The young man, who goes in the best society, had long been paying unfruitful attention to one of the best known young ladies of the city. Reading the offer of the female necromancer to produce love between discordant hearts, he consulted her. She agreed for $15 to make the young lady love him, the money to be paid in installments on the appearance of different signs of success. He paid the first installment, which was to set the spirits to work. They wouldn't work at that price apparently, and the sorceress demanded the second installment to put the spirit world in motion again. The spirits then struck for the whole amount, and the young lady's heart was as hard as ever. The young man awoke to the folly of his course, and his threatening suit against the sorceress agitates society because it would bring the name of the young lady into unpleasant publicity.